

UNITY.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XXVI

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 2, 1890.

NUMBER 5

UNITY.

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CHARLES H. KERR & CO., PUBLISHERS,
175 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

Weekly: \$1.00 per year.—Single copy 5 cents.

Advertising, 7 cents per line; business notices, 14 cents per line. Advertisements of book publishers received direct; other advertising through LORD & THOMAS, advertising agents, Chicago and New York.
Readers of UNITY are requested to mention this paper when answering advertisements.

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Eight Thousand Copies of this week's UNITY have been mailed. If you receive two copies, please give one to some one likely to be interested. If you are not already a subscriber, note our premium offers on last page, and send one dollar for UNITY and a valuable book.

Editorial.

DOROTHEA DIX has found a worthy biographer in Frances Tiffany and the book must be a helpful and a welcome one, of which we shall speak later in these columns. To such a woman the following lines aptly apply—

"I slept and dreamt that life was beauty,
I woke, and found that life was duty."

O. B. FROTHINGHAM in his new book on "Boston Unitarianism" describes a certain typical Unitarian minister of the past "as one more ready to accept than anxious to define hallowed phrases." We fear this type of minister is still alive and to be found in many denominations.

ONCE when Dr. John Brown, the friend of "Rab," was driving, he suddenly stopped and looked out eagerly at the back of his carriage. "Is it some one you know?" said his companion. "No," was the reply, "it is a dog I do not know." This is a good story for the pastor. Never mind the happy fellows you do know, but have a thought for the poor dog you do not know.

Now that the Columbian Exhibition has finally found a satisfactory site, the directors and commissioners are applying themselves with a will to the problem of creating a world's fair, and the intensity of the discussion which preceded the settlement, does not seem to mar the unanimity of the work now in hand. In these commissioners and directors have been wiser than many theologians of our

day, who in view of the difficulty of settling the site and determining where to lay the foundations, say "Go to, never mind the site, it is too difficult a question to settle. Let's go to work and have a world's fair without it. These are men who are praised as "practical."

THE UNITY CLUB in connection with Mr. Learned's society in St. Louis, has laid out a noble plan of work on "Dante" to occupy alternate Sunday evenings throughout the winter. What splendid use is this of the time and place. Half the battle is won when a high thing is undertaken in a deliberate, systematic fashion. Spontaneity works best in grooves already prepared for it. The locomotive does its best traveling on the rails that have been purposely laid for it.

THAT was an interesting and promising sight at the "Hull House" on South Halsted St. in this city one evening last week, when fifteen or eighteen cultivated young men and women, most of them college graduates, many busy teachers, met to organize systematic "college extension work" to be carried on at this place next winter for the benefit of the poor and the untutored who may be drawn to the "Toynbee Hall" of Chicago. Every night in the week there will be systematic instruction by competent teachers in the various branches of science and literature and art.

WE take great pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our artist friend, Sidney H. Morse, in another column. As we write, the editorial desk is newly ornamented with Mr. Morse's two new works, the plaques of Lucretia Mott and Theodore Parker. In the former we have the benignant face, tender but strong, of the Quaker reformer and philanthropist, which numerous photographs and engravings have rendered familiar. The portrait of Parker is a complete profile, and a very pleasing and satisfactory piece of work. We regret that the lateness of the hour prevents a fuller notice of these excellent works.

THE *Open Court* Publishing Co. is about to issue a new periodical, a quarterly, to be called *The Monist*. As the name signifies, it will deal with those principles of a monistic philosophy for which the founder of the *Open Court*, Edward Hegeler, established that weekly organ of such unique, but high character. We understand that hereafter the latter journal will contain more articles of general interest, leaving those of more abstract philosophical character to the new quarterly. The names of many distinguished scientists and thinkers, like Profs. E. D. Cope, George J. Romanes, Joseph Le Conte, William James, Max Müller, Ernst Haeckel are announced as contributors.

WE find in Stedman's admirable "Library of American Literature" the following sonnet from Theodore Parker, "The Higher Good," which deserves to go the rounds again. This brave preacher closed his eyes in Florence, thirty years ago, and although tenderest words hovered habitually around his lips and helpful thoughts were ever in his heart, yet the tenderness of his life is overlaid by

the vigor, in popular memory, and people still think of Theodore Parker with a hammer in his hand, rather than with hands given to the work of human helpfulness. The day is yet to come when public opinion will recognize that in Theodore Parker Samson's riddle was again realized: "Out of the strong came forth sweetness."

"Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my
carnal sense:

I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth,
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light.
Give me the power to labor for mankind;
Make me the mouth of such as cannot
speak;

Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish,
mind;
And lead still further on such as Thy kingdom seek.

How to preserve life's sweetness yet bravely meet its inevitable causes of strife and contest; how to keep the soul in perpetual sunshine without shrinking from contact with the elements of spiritual darkness; how, in fine, to keep intact the spirit of faith yet bear to face and contend with the forces of doubt and evil—this is the problem of problems. There are two sources of help in its solution. One lies in the belief in a principle of Supreme Goodness in the world; trust that our human longing for perfection can not have sprung from nothing; confidence in the integrity of the universe—some divine meaning and intention shaping and ruling it all. The other source of help lies in the necessary but less inspiring knowledge of ourselves. Who, after looking candidly into his own heart, can condemn another? What friend or fellow-creature ever failed us more sadly than we have failed ourselves? How little right of judgment over others do we, in these moments of candid self-reflection, seem to possess! How large is the beam in our own eye, how small the mote in our brothers! Thus, by the upward striving of the heart toward the ideal, and by frank self-examination, we learn to trust our fellows and the general scheme of things to which we belong. Faith lives, though it dies for a day. Love is reassured, human trust and admiration grow, the heart sings, even while noting all the signs of sin and suffering. We are only on the way.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Nation*, writing to urge the more rational study of the Old Testament in the Sunday-school, applying the results of the latest literary research and criticism to that as to the tales from Homer and Virgil in the week-day schools, another writer, signing initials familiar to UNITY readers, "J. C. L.," writes to ask the pertinent question why the same method of free and earnest research should not be applied to the New Testament. "Are the Hebrew stories to be treated as you treat the Greek, Roman and Scandinavian," and the Gospel stories given to the children of our Sunday-schools as veritable history?" The writer adds a bit of timely criticism by saying that this illogical practice was followed by Unitarians thirty or forty years ago: "Andrews Norton, John G. Palfrey, and George R. Noyes, of the Harvard Divinity School, were

ready enough to discount the myths and miracles of the Old Testament, or to doubt the commonly received authorship of its books; but when they come to the New Testament, another style of criticism set in." J. C. L. thinks the time has come when the results of learning on this subject, manifest in a work like the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and innumerable single treatises, should be frankly acknowledged and profited by in the church and Sunday-school.

THE *American* calls attention to the growing patronage of our universities as shown in the unusual attendance reported at the opening of the year at the principal colleges. The new class in Princeton, it tells us, numbers over two hundred. We are glad, in view of the many cheap cynicisms uttered nowadays by the press and other respected authorities, against the increasing materialism of the age, to repeat our contemporary's opinion, that "with all the alleged devotion to money, there is in America a rapidly growing appreciation of the intellectual forces and their social value," that "there never was a time in our history when ignorance was more of a social obstacle in either young man or young woman."

COLONEL INGERSOLL, writing on Tolstoi in the *North American Review*, defends his sincerity, but adds that "the philosophy of Palestine is not adapted to an industrial or commercial age. Christianity was born when the nation that produced it was dying. It was a requiem, a declaration that life was a failure, that the world was about to end, and that the hopes of mankind should be lifted to another sphere." The famous iconoclast is always thought-provoking, if nothing more, and there is something rather striking and suggestive in the view here expressed. Undoubtedly Christianity, in a certain sense, is a religion of despair. In its literal signification, as we said a week or two ago, its main spirit and purpose are strictly ascetic; but Colonel Ingersoll need only turn to the realm of material nature, in which he puts such faith, to see what rich results of blossom and harvest spring from earth's decaying soil. Judaism was dying, or rather the Hebrew national life was at its lowest ebb when Christianity was born, nevertheless Christianity contains a germ of living truth and power that can never die. The great principle of Judaism, belief in righteousness, is not dead, and that added to the Christian belief in the worth of the individual man and woman, the divine in the human, will yet conquer the world.

"The Sermon."

A year ago we took pleasure in calling attention to a little picture in the Exposition collection by Gari Melchors, entitled "Vespers." From it we read the lesson of the "closed Bible." It gave a glimpse of a simple service that had lifted at least one worshiper out of and beyond the book. He himself had become a Bible maker. Psalm and Beatitudes were moving through his own soul, shaping themselves into gospel measures for him. This year the same artist has several canvases on exhibition at the Exposition Building, all worthy of study. Two or three care-

ful portrait pieces were painted in Chicago during the artist's sojourn here last winter, and are to be seen with several soft and winsome little landscape bits, Dutch houses with sheep and shepherdesses. Here also is the little girl, or another very like her, that stood in the "Vesper" picture of last year, standing alone this time "In Church."

But the chief attraction in Mr. Melchors' exhibit, if not in the entire collection, is the larger canvas that won for him his first recognition among artists in Europe, bringing to him the grand medal in the Munich exhibition of 1887. It is entitled "The Sermon," and shows the interior of a little Dutch chapel, very like, perhaps the same, as that in the picture of last year. It is painted in the hardest and flattest realism, the blue woodwork stiff chairs in full light, with the little group of worshipers, of whom only twelve, ten women and two men, are to be seen. It is a group of simple peasants, the single touch of "quality" in the scene being derived from the two women in silk-trimmed bonnets and figured cloaks. The preacher is not in sight, and the intense interest of the little company is focused at a point not visible to the spectator. Herein lies, we suspect, a large part of the artistic power of the composition. Certainly much of the spiritual suggestiveness is due to this fact. Here are faces wrinkled with ages, others untouched by sorrow, scarcely by thought. Some moulded by care, others lost in curious half-thoughts and waking emotions; but all, for the time being, lifted out of their special joys or woes, their individual plans and perplexities, by a something that touches their life in common. There is but one face turned away from that unseen, absorbing center, and that is the stern, yet kind face of one who is pained and shocked to find that the tired girl beside her has succumbed to weariness or the quiet of the place and dropped asleep; but there is more pity and surprise than reproof in her wisdom-worn face. There is nothing willowy or soft in the Dutch character, it is more northern than southern, severe, angular and prosaic. So is this picture. The sermon it suggests is some fragment of the gospel story interpreted in the clear light of the plainest rationalism, such as might be expected in the land of Kuenen, Knappert and Hugenholtz; but such as it is, it has the power still of relaxing toil-stiffened hands and lifting the toiler out of himself. The picture suggests not the special eloquence of one man, but rather the universal elements in religion. It is the logic of life, the rhetoric of sorrow, the philosophy of hope and trust that has caught this handful of church-goers and lifted them out of their personal peculiarities into the atmosphere of common thoughtfulness and common worship. This little chapel becomes a fitting place of prayer, because here is the listening ear, made acute by common song and the holy calm of the Rest Day. As we look at this picture, we find ourselves wishing that we were of the company, not thinking of self, but of truth; not listening to the clamorous wants of the body or to the petty gossips of society, but transfused with a thought that is larger than self. As we look we really become of this company and the spell that binds this little band binds us.

The artist renders us a service in this picture by showing us that simple surroundings, Protestant severities and rigorous realism may and do reach the same transfiguration point as that which the old masters sought by the elaborate embellishments of stately architecture, sumptuous drapery, imposing ritual and superabundant mystery, if the artist can be found who is equal to the interpretation. The old

charm of miracle is gone or is going out of our pictures as out of our churches. No mystical halo encircles the head of saint and virgin in the truly modern picture, but the power of the ideal survives. Mother glory remains. Mary's absorption, Joseph's loyalty, maiden purity and mother-care speak to us from this canvas of a home-ly religion painted by a rational artist. It is not on this account provincial. It carries the mind out of the simplicity of the Netherlands into the variety and universality of the world. It suggests the release that comes to the toiling and the struggling at church on Sunday morning everywhere. Here is a picture of that which will soothe the widow's heart, calm the pulsing fever in the maiden breast that holds an unconfessed love anywhere. Farmer and business man, learned and unlearned, high and low, near and far may find this church help.

And what is this help? A preacher that is out of sight, a spirit that can not be painted, an unwritten gospel of which the written gospel that the sects quarrel and doctors so disagree about, is but a clumsy attempt at imperfect statement. The real Gospel in this sermon lies not in books or rituals, in architecture or organ, glowing oratory or persuasive lips, though all these may serve it; it is in the human heart itself, the heart that hungers for reality, that wearies of sham, that loathes platitudes; in the human conscience that thirsts for justice, that strives for rectitude, that worships under various names and forms the ultimate God—Righteousness. It is in that divine appetite in the human heart for love, the gravitation of nature towards fellowship. This unnamed, and oftentimes unconfessed, God is the power which hold the attention of the little group in Melchors' picture, and it is that which holds in bonds, more real than many are willing to confess, in one brotherhood, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and heterodox, skeptic and believer. This is what draws human nature with an ever-increasing power to the altars of religion. In obedience to this attraction men and women will continue to go to these altars with a fervor that increases with the growth of thought, and a purpose that grows more noble with the advance of science.

"New Testament Views of Jesus."

The above is the title of a very significant little book of 70 pages, by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, our Unitarian minister at Madison, Wis. It was first published in *The Unitarian*, so that it has already had the advantage of a wide circulation. It is remarkable, first, as a specimen of good scholarship; and second, as showing what conclusions have been reached, and are set forth in what claims to be the most representative and conservative organ of Unitarianism in America. Perhaps, Mr. Crooker himself may fairly enough be said to represent the policy and sentiment of the American Unitarian Association in the West.

Toward the end of the book a few sentences may be taken which sum up the views of the author. He says:

"It ought to be evident to every rational mind that Jesus can not be to us either Jewish Messiah, the New Adam or the Creative Word; for all those ideals have vanished." p. 66.

"The crucial test of rationality must be found in the treatment of the person of Jesus. Any revision which leaves a shred of the old supernaturalism left is still unscientific and will be found inadequate. It is about this central point that the battle of the age must be fought." p. 68.

"Religious doctrines can not be brought into harmony with what is known, until all miraculous and mediatorial additions are stripped from the figure of Jesus." p. 69.

"Nothing else will meet the demands of scientific truth, of historic scholarship, of

biblical criticism; and nothing else will meet the demands of the Ethical Ideal and the Humanitarian Sentiment. Our first duty then, is to clear up our ideas respecting Jesus; to rationalize our conceptions of his nature and mission by putting aside every remnant of the supernatural mediatorship which has so long obscured his historic character; for no ship of faith can successfully sail the seas of the twentieth century, unless its keel be laid in the pure humanity of Jesus." p. 70.

These extracts might lead one, at first thought to say that the book was wrongly named; that the title should have been "New Testament Views of Jesus Rejected." But any adequate notice of it would show how the various writers of the New Testament are analyzed for their conceptions of the rank and office of the Teacher of Palestine. In the Synoptic Gospels, "Jesus is represented simply and solely as the Jewish Messiah." Yet no expression in these gospels can be fairly interpreted as ascribing to him the attributes of deity. "The Jews expected the Messiah to be no more than an exalted man." In the Acts there is the same view,—Jesus is preached as the Messiah, a providential man.

But when we come to the epistles of Paul, "we find a radically different view of Jesus and his mission." "He is the second or *New Adam*, a being who came down from a pre-existent state"; "the image of the Eternal God, above all angels and powers"; "a Cosmic Being reorganizing and perfecting human nature"; "a Psychological Agent," imparting new mystic vitality to man, whereby he is redeemed from death and the devil. Yet in no case is Paul's language such as to identify Jesus with God. At most it makes of him a celestial man.

In the Fourth Gospel, however, we find ideas of Jesus, which go far beyond the thought of the Jewish Messiah of the Synoptics, or the New Adam and re-creator of human nature in the epistles. Here Jesus becomes the incarnate Logos and "Creative Agent of the universe." If he does not become God, he ceases to be human, and is a spectral agency rather than a historical person. "In the Fourth Gospel, belief in the Son or Creative Word is the sole way to eternal life; and there are here no moral precepts and no inspiring pleas for holiness, but instead reliance on fellowship with a mysterious manifestation of God is enforced."

The frankness of this little work is refreshing; for it is not orthodoxy alone which has been timid about stating the results of criticism. Unitarians, and especially Unitarian laymen, have needed to know the latest conclusions of scholarship. In the main, we find ourselves in sympathy with the opinions set forth by Mr. Crooker. But when we have reduced the Christianity of orthodoxy and the churches down to the Christianity of the New Testament, and when we have denuded the Christianity of the New Testament of the Messiahship of the Synoptics, of the pre-existent New Adam of Paul, of the Cosmic Word of the Fourth Gospel, and of the miracles and all supernatural agencies wherever found, who is bold enough to say that what we have left is the Christianity or the religious faith of Jesus? Or by what right shall it label itself as "pure Christianity;" and in the face of faiths that date from the earliest records of the ministry of Jesus, and in the presence of still older dispensations which teach the love of God and the brotherhood of man, claim to be the one moral, spiritual, and true religion? L.

WHEN a library is once fairly begun, it becomes more and more valuable every year, for it grows like a rolling snowball. Scholars are sure to be hatched in it, sooner or later.—O. W. Holmes.

LITERATURE is a good staff, but a sorry crutch.—Sir Walter Scott.

Men and Things.

EIGHT women attended the School of Law in Boston University last year. New and better quarters are now in preparation for them.

THE nearest relative living of the poet Shakespeare is said to be Thomas Hart, a resident of Australia, who is eighth in descent from Shakespeare's sister Joan.

It is announced that the celebrated Russian agitator, Stepniak, has sailed for the United States on a contemplated lecturing tour. Mr. George Kennan is understood to be assisting the enterprise.

WE learn from the *Advance* that Prof. W. H. Harper, of Yale University, accepts his call to the presidency of the New Chicago University, for which he is believed to possess many and eminent qualifications.

AN exchange points out that the foreign biographical dictionaries seem to bestow more attention upon crime than upon genius. Larousse's "Dictionnaire Universel"—the fullest in the world now complete—gives four columns of agate type to John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, and only a line to Edwin, his brother.

MARY W. WHITNEY, professor of astronomy at Vassar College, and successor of Maria Mitchell, is reported to advocate training girls in the study of science, with the express object of disciplining her emotional nature. "The day is past," she says, "when the principal object of a girl's education is to render her pleasing, merely by emotional demonstration."

THE story is told of an old school teacher of Jay Gould producing an essay written by the financier when he was thirteen years of age, entitled, "Honesty is the best policy." Said the youthful essayist, "Honesty is of a self-denying nature; to become honest it requires self-denial." Jay Gould also wrote a history of Delaware County, N. Y., while still in his teens.

MR. GLADSTONE'S library is said to number 25,000 volumes, and among them are two badly-worn little books, the gift of Hannah More—holy Hannah, Horace Walpole called her. She was seventy years old when she gave the books to their present owner. She took great delight in clever children and regarded "Billy" Gladstone as one of the most promising of her young acquaintances.

THIRTY odd years ago, Carlyle, as a social power, or a social plague, was already troubling the still surface of London drawing-room life. "What is his talk like?" asked Miss Berry of her friend; and Kinglake answered, "Ezekiel." Thackeray said, "The man is a bully, but he can be silenced by persiflage," a remark that is interesting in connection with Carlyle's recorded verdict of Thackeray.

WE lately heard of a flower belonging to South America which is only visible when the wild blows. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and is about three feet high. The stem is covered with dead, warty-looking lumps in calm weather; these lumps, however, need but a slight breeze to make them unfold large flowers of a creamy white which close and appear as dead as soon as the wind subsides.

CANON HENRY P. LIDDON died on Monday of last week. He was commonly spoken of by the Established Church papers as "the foremost preacher in England." There was always a crowd at St. Paul's when he was the preacher. Of very fine personal appearance, with a clear, ringing voice and thoroughly orthodox and earnestly religious, his sermons made a profound impression. Dr. Liddon had for some time been engaged on a life of Dr. Pusey.

THE question as to the real effects of electricity is placed in further doubt by the following story. We do not know how authentic it is: "During a thunder-storm in a Colorado lumber camp a Mexican was struck on the head by lightning, which ran down one side of his face, over the shoulder, traverse across the breast, down around one leg and out through the shoe top. His face was badly burned, and the course of the current over him was marked by a red brand. His clothes were torn from him and the sole of the shoe completely torn off. He lay apparently dead, and was left at the place until the storm was over. After lying in the rain for two hours he was resuscitated, and is now as well as ever except for the burn."

PATRIOTIC Japanese are said to regard foreign grammar and composition with considerable contempt. A writer in one of our exchanges speaks of a native book on foreign literature which censures the Westerners for not putting the verb at the end of the sentence, "the only sensible way, as we do in Japan." "If, for instance," he continues, "you want to talk about the moon, how can you say, 'To see the moon?' You must say, 'The moon to see,' because if the moon were not there first you could not see it. You can see the crookedness of European hearts by their writing. They write crooked—across the paper instead of up and down, as any sensible person would."

Contributed and Selected.

To C. B. R.

Three pale pink roses, "with their weight in love,"
(Such is her pretty phrase,) my neighbor sends;
And wafted from the mantel-shelf above
Their subtle fragrance with my musings blends.

These pale pink roses, fading speedily,
The eternal in the fleeting type for me:
I shall not grieve to see their swift decay,
Their weight in love will ever with me stay.

—ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

An American Confession of Faith.

For all practical purposes, or even for the purposes of controversy and thorough investigation, no distinction should be drawn between the evil results of skeptical and ecclesiastical, and theological and literary atheism or infidelity. These terms, "atheism," and "infidelity," are here used in their etymological rather than technical significations, and the meaning of the preceding sentence is, simply, that theoretical and practical secularists and religionists should agree to meet occasionally under a flag of truce, if only for the purpose of burying the dead and carrying away the wounded.

Why should these opposing schools of opinion ever meet under black flags and in the crash of conflicts? Inspiration, revelation, and divinity, too, are lying around loose in sufficient working and paying quantities to produce better results than the bankruptcy, disease, wickedness, ignorance, superstition, vice and crime which appear on all sides. "Tools and the man"—not "Arms and the man"—is the rallying cry of civilization. Only Barbarism delights in war, even in the war of opinions.

It is the unquestioned right of every American to believe as he pleases,—to be questioned, stigmatized or otherwise punished by no man, church or state on account of his opinions; also to organize fraternities for the purpose of publishing doctrines. This right is part even of many European constitutions and laws. This right has been especially evolved by the life and growth of that English people which will soon seize the primacy of the race. Nothing can successfully contend against the human soul when it is struggling or traveling up to truth.

The word for this hour appears to be "Temperance. Righteousness and Judgment to come," united to such freedom and authority as will result in actual, pure, meek, loving, healthful, honest, efficient, and economical, industrious, studious, home life. "The tree is known by its fruits." The twentieth century can not waste time in studying the principles of systems whose results are unsatisfactory.

But such is the weakness of the human mind, even when guided by all the experience and wisdom and light furnished by all literature, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, and all institutions either civil or ecclesiastical, that those who think they stand should take heed lest they fall.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be."

It is the duty and the right of every American to choose such helps in the conduct of life as are most likely to be the most efficient in yielding a satisfactory harvest, not so much of principles or methods, as of results. The wisdom of this choice will frequently depend upon the social and individual conditions which control human life in any given time and place.

The only possible atheism or infidelity is a bad life. Any bad life is unlovely, and "without God." Any bad man or woman is "unfaithful" to the race. If the result is a good life, heresy is orthodox; if it is a bad

life, orthodoxy is heterodox. If this is hard for some people to understand, it is because they do not know they are living in America and not in Europe; living in the twentieth, and not in the tenth century.

In the estimate of good and bad lives, not any one single individual, nation or age, can be the umpire. Authority must bow to nature, to freedom and to the soul. Any estimate furnished by the past must give place to a better estimate, whether such estimate is the gift of the present, or of a future age. If an actual, practical system of discipline is needed, perhaps some of the laws of the land and some of the lessons of Sparta and Caledonia might be mentioned. Broad American ethics will not overlook Temperance, Industry, Economy, Intelligence and Self-reliance. If a creed must be created, or a new creed adopted, perhaps none is better adapted to America and Americans than that included in the words, "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion," as explained by the Western Unitarian Conference.

It is distressing to behold persons who are not reformed and not enlightened, nevertheless, attempting to reform and enlighten others. Such was the condition of every old or new faith as soon as it had a breakfast paid for that was not already eaten,—or even enough credit to get a breakfast without paying for it. Religion is living poetry. Of the deepest, purest poetry, not love, but poverty, and even persecution, is the fountain.

"O dare not stain with wealth and power,
A poet's free and heavenly mind!"

This view appeals with especial effectiveness to all who name the name of liberalism. The Farmers' Alliance, the Knights of Labor, and everything that is truest, and every man, woman and child who are the noblest, among the Democrats, Republicans, Catholics, Protestants, Freemasons, or any benevolent or other society or partnership or corporation which ranges two or more American people under its banner—all these do, in reality, already belong to the liberals and to the liberalism of America. In a land of liberty, nothing but homes, states and churches of freedom can long exist. The fate of all organization will be, in greater or less degree, to repeat the experience of other organizations. It is only in universities of one man and one woman

"Which nature plants in barren soils and solitude,"

that genuine liberalism can exist. It is also sufficient for each generation, if in Europe and America, one thousand persons, are, at any one time, lecturing and laboring on that vanguard of progress. L. B.

How to Help Our Papers.

Let every interested minister canvass his entire parish with sample copy in hand. It will afford him opportunity to see his people in their homes and places of business, and to interest them more deeply in the parish work, while he speaks of the paper as an aid. If he does this in the afternoons it need not interfere with his study and writing, but will furnish him with wholesome physical exercise, for want of which, likely as not, his body, mind and heart, are suffering. The Methodist ministers regard themselves as the agents for their periodicals; and rightly so. The immense circulation of their papers is due largely to the energetic canvass made for them by almost every minister. Not quite so good a way, where a paper like UNITY can be had the first year for fifty cents, is for the minister to send the publishers \$10 with twenty names of persons to whom he would like to present it. Some of them will insist on paying him for it.

It is well to give the paper one year to every couple married by the preacher. So doing he will hold them to his own congregation more likely than not. And he will lose very little by the small gift of much value. He can at the very least, send the publishers his parish list if asked for and publicly call attention to the paper from time to time. To get our periodicals into all our families requires some work it is true. But endless toil in the ministry, as in all other lines of life, is the price of success.

PERRY MARSHALL.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY:—The promised vacation letter has been on my conscience all summer. It is too late to surprise any one with descriptions of our wonderful new Unitarian quarters in Menomonie. It seemed to us all like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights, when we witnessed the dedication of such beauty and luxury to a cause which is usually rich only in pride and principles.

It was pleasant to see the Luverne friends in their homelike new church. The building is as pretty as it is simple and unconventional. A large copy of Hoffman's "Christ in the Temple," had been placed in the church on Flower Sunday, as a memorial of Eva Mahoney, the dear young girl whose going has left a most tender memory to hallow the church she loved. Probably no people know better than those of the Luverne church how to make every one who comes feel that he is a welcome guest of a church full of hosts. From the hearty welcome at the station till one is sent off again with a warm glow from parting handshakes no little kindness or courtesy is omitted by young or old.

I heard much interest expressed in the rising congregation at Adrian, a town near Luverne. Any one who has ever visited our Unitarian church in Miner County, South Dakota, would not miss an opportunity to go again. This church is well known east and west, for we are proud of it. A church six miles from a station or even a store, with over forty members, meeting in a school-house regularly for Sunday-school and lay-service is unique. Mrs. Wilkes tries to keep it under her wing, and the enthusiasm with which the rare visits of a minister is welcomed, well repays the long journey. The church is the outgrowth of the postoffice mission zeal of a young woman in Boston, supplemented by the energy of new converts.

It was a grief to me not to see all the faces which two years ago used to welcome me. Perhaps, it is inevitable that we lose the co-operation of our orthodox friends when they find what we really mean, but may it always be our principles and never our spirit that alienates.

Sioux Falls may well be proud of its census returns. But no growth, however unprecedented, will catch their little metropolis napping. One can drive for miles on finely graded tree-lined boulevards with no houses in sight. The church shares in the city's courageous expectations. May it soon find the looked-for leader.

I had a glimpse of Humboldt too. Does that little village realize what an object-lesson and inspiration it is to our cause because of the noble church it has fostered? Every nook and corner of the village life feels the influence of the clear thinking and high living and world-wide outlook which has come from Unity church. Those interested in watching women's work are especially proud of Humboldt. Miss Safford, Miss Gordon and Miss Murdock may have wider fields elsewhere, but no more lasting or worthy monument of their labors than has been reared to them

in the wholesome true-hearted life of the young men and women of Humboldt. Nothing speaks more clearly of the work of former ministers than the enthusiastic welcome and co-operation which Mr. Byrnes has found waiting for him here.

Speaking of wider fields for Humboldt workers, do our people realize what an unprecedented work has been accomplished by our collegiate pastors in Sioux City? Five years to work in and as a result a church almost, if not quite, as strong as any in the west. A fine large building; finances flourishing, with generous help for outside interests; congregation of four hundred; Sunday School thoroughly organized and full of life; Unity Club in several sections, one of them so important that its papers are published regularly. There is a confirmation class steadily feeding the church and a sweet home atmosphere pervading it all.

I am rather glad that nothing more needs to be said about the Hillside meetings. May it be the first of many such Pentecostal seasons. Have all the ministers returned to just the best corner of the earth that there is after all? I have. MILA F. TUPPER.

LaPorte, Ind., Sept. 17.



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Church Door Pulpit.

What is Truth?

BY REV. J. H. LONG, SPOKANE FALLS, WASHINGTON.

To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice. Pilate saith unto him, What is truth?—Gospel of St. John xviii:37-38.

The scene is familiar to us all. The Prætorium with its marble pillars and its tiled floor; the Roman procurator seated on a dais at the farther end; on the right and left the Roman guards, stern and silent, holding back with their spears the clamoring throng; in the forefront the accusing priests—some earnest and thoughtful, others fierce and threatening; and in their midst, before Pilate, a pale, worn, weary man,—all somewhat dim and ghost-like in the early dawn of that day 1800 years ago!

Jesus had been taken bound before Annas or Caiaphas, the High Priests, and had been interrogated as to his teaching. Thence he had been led to Pilate, for it was not lawful for the Jews to put any man to death, the Empire of Rome reserving to herself that right, and so Pilate, returning to the judgment hall, and calling Jesus, asked him: "Art thou the king of the Jews?" For, with the religious questions Rome was not concerned; she was concerned with that of government alone. And Jesus said: "My kingdom is not of this world; for if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews; but now is my kingdom not from hence." Pilate, therefore, said unto him: "Art thou a king, then?" Jesus answered: "Thou sayest that I am a king. To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the Truth. Everyone that is of the Truth heareth my voice." Pilate saith unto Him: "What is Truth?"

The sequel of the story is soon told. Pilate's efforts to save Jesus,—for he went out again to the Jews and said: "I find no fault in him"; his fear lest his hesitancy might be construed into want of loyalty to the Emperor—for the Jews said, "If thou let this man go; thou art not Cæsar's friend; whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar"; his endeavors to shift the responsibility upon Herod, for Herod and Pilate, we are told, were made friends on that day; and at last his delivery to the Jews of Jesus and his release of Barabbas, the robber. And so, Pilate, weak, irresolute, but not wholly bad, passed from the scene to atone for his sins as an exile in Gaul; and travelers at Lucerne remember Mt. Pilatus over the lake upon whose summit his spectral form still hovers, washing its hands, as erstwhile Pilate did in the flesh, and repeating in remorseful accents: "I find no fault in him; his blood be upon you and upon your children." And the other actor in this drama? That pale and weary sufferer, that bound and reviled captive, now rules the world; kings bow down before Him, and monarchs lay their richest offerings at his feet. The world has witnessed many changes since that early morning long ago. The very foundations of the Prætorium have been razed to the ground; the sacrifice and ritual of the Temple have departed: priests and scribes and governor and guard have long since crumbled into dust; the crescent now waves o'er that city where once Cæsar's legions held their sway, and all the glory of that ancient world remains to us only as a fading memory of the past. But still, though realms may rise and fall, though empires may flourish and decay, that wondrous story never grows old; the

world never tires of asking the question Pilate put to Christ. Yes: "The world was young, and now is old. But still, as in its youth, it asks, as Pilate did of Christ, the question: 'What is Truth?'"

Is it possible, then, ever to answer this question? Well, we must first clearly understand what kind of truth we seek. For truth is many-sided; there are many kinds of truth. There is, for example, the truth of the mathematician. And here, I think, it is possible to obtain absolute truth. It has been said that there may be a planet in which two and two do not make four. I do not believe this; there are certain truths, apart from religion, which are everywhere and always truths, and it is not possible, to my mind, to believe that the great mathematical truths of earth can be errors anywhere in the universe. We know this, in fact; we know that the calculations made by man which hold in the little problems and measurements of earth, hold also in reference to the remotest star; that the same law which guides the tear does guide the planets in their course. And to digress for a moment, how marvelous this is, that man can project into limitless space, the calculations, the formulæ which he works out in the narrow compass of his study. How marvelous, how incredible it seems, that he can, by applying the same principles which he employs on his earthly stage—'cribbed, cabined and confined,' as it is—calculate to a fraction of a second, the appearance of an eclipse, the transit of a star! How marvelous, how incredible it is that he can by the spectroscopic apply the laws of light which he has studied and learned in his little laboratory, and can prove that the stars, uncounted millions of miles away, obey the same laws, are composed of the same substances as those with which he is familiar in his earthly home!

Truly God is the ruler of the Universe, and he governs, not by fitful caprice, but by fixed law! In regard to scientific truth, however, we must remember that human science, whose pæans are now so loudly sung, is still largely tentative; that, although its truth has been exemplified in many ways, yet it has often been mistaken; that, although, we hear of the unnumbered instances in which science has proved right, we often forget the unnumbered instances in which it has proved wrong, the unnumbered theories of exploded science. Truth, scientific truth, is mighty and will prevail; but often, what is scientific truth to-day, is scientific error to-morrow.

But this is not the truth concerning which Pilate asked. His question, What is truth? went far deeper; it pertained to the realm of ethics and religion; and it is in this realm that the world asks the same question to-day. And the world, in Roman times, was in just the same frame of doubt and questioning and criticism as that in which it finds itself in our time. You remember the old mythology of Rome: the Nature worship, changing into the worship of Jupiter and Juno and Saturn, the belief in gods and goddesses of the wood and river and mount, the honor of lares and penates. But here, as elsewhere, intelligence brought doubt. In the Commonwealth, the good old day when "none were for the party and all were for the state; when the rich man helped the poor man, and the poor man loved the great," had passed away. In religion, not less also, the good old days, when "the gods came down and walked the earth, and talked with men as men," had gone never to return. And so it came to pass that at the time of Christ the educated Roman had thrown off what he called the shackles of superstition, and had become what we call an agnostic. The state, of course, recog-

nized, as a matter of form, the old religion. Omens were still taken, the Pontifex Maximus and the augurs still remained; but the vital force of the old faith lingered, if at all, only in some remote hamlet beside the fierce Tyrrhenian Sea, or 'neath the lordly Apennines—and then, the Roman Empire was very lenient in religious as in many other matters. It permitted each nation, each tribe, to retain its own worship, provided only that such worship did not conflict with loyalty to the Emperor. In fact, the gods of the Roman world all found a welcome beneath the dome of the Pantheon, in the Eternal City by the Tiber. And this very leniency or liberality of treatment in religious matters naturally produced a tendency in the mind of the ordinary Roman to regard all religions as equally true or equally false. The world was in a religious, a philosophical ferment. The mysticism of Alexandria, the philosophy of Greece, the superstition of the East, the old mythology of Italy, not to mention Judaism and its descendant Christianity,—these all were seething in the great chaldron; these all were struggling for supremacy beneath the protecting ægis of the Eagles of Rome. The cynics ridiculed each faith alike; the men of the world were oblivious to all alike; but thoughtful men asked with Pilate: "What is truth?" and pondered all these things in their hearts.

There are several examples of this in the Bible. You remember how, when Paul spoke before Agrippa, Agrippa said: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian;" and, again, how before Felix, when Paul reasoned about righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled and answered: "Go thy way for a time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."

And as it was with the world at Christ's time, so is it with the world of to-day. How many men are there now who, had they lived fifty years ago, would have been deemed orthodox? The world no longer accepts with childlike reverence the faith, the beliefs of the past. Their correctness is questioned on every side. It may be said that this has always been the case. This is correct to a certain extent; there has always been a certain measure of doubt; there has ever been a small band of men unwilling to yield up their own opinion at the beck and call of any church or party. But as civilization has ever moved forward in cycles, as it were, not continuously, so there have been epochs of religious doubt, as there have been epochs of implicit faith. The present, like the epoch of Christ's time, of the Reformation, of part of the last century, is one of religious doubt and criticism. But heretofore—I mean since the birth of Christianity—there has always been a limit set. "Thus far and no farther shalt thou go" has always heretofore been deemed an inexorable command. For example, at the Reformation the limit was the authority of the Bible. Beyond that the Reformers would not go and that they were just as ready to resort to stringent measures as were the Romanists themselves, in order to stop what they considered unbridled liberalism, is proved by the death of Servetus and of many another. And so again, in the case of the deists in the last century. They were but a comparatively small number, and, moreover, they set a line beyond which they would not pass. But now, the great mass of the people is moved by this spirit of unrest in things religious. There is no limit affixed; there must be no half-way measures; no art is sacred, no altar divine. The world demands no irresolute, no uncertain answer to the question: What is truth?

Is it possible, then, ever to have

this question answered? That is, can we ever, on earth, discover what religious truth really is? Yes and no, I would reply. We can ascertain a certain proportion, and this with a certain degree of clearness; but we can never be sure that this is absolutely true; and we can never discover all truth. For example, as far as Unitarians can now judge, the sum total of Christianity is contained in the two commandments, "Love God" and "Love thy neighbor." But we know that we can not fathom the nature of God—the world has been filled with blood by reason of the attempts to catalogue, as it were, the properties of God. Neither do we know fully how best we may love our neighbor. Social science, which is but the scientific name for "treatment of our neighbor," is still in its infancy; its students are still discussing such questions as the care of the insane, the punishment of criminals, war, arbitration, and many others. Closely bound up with the treatment of our neighbor, is the moral code in reference to ourselves; to what extent we are justified in using our liberty, indulging our pleasures, and so on.

All that we can say, then, is that truth to us at any time is the highest conception of what we believe to be right; and that this truth, according to liberal Christianity consists, (1) in a belief in and a love of God, which God is the embodiment, in the highest degree, of all those qualities which we call good and great; and (2) in the cultivation of a life modeled after that of Christ, as being the best model we have: the chief feature in that life being the love of others, *i. e.*, unselfishness.

The objection which may, and very rightly, be urged against this answer is, of course, its indefiniteness. Surely, it may be said, this is a very unsatisfactory answer to the question, What is truth? In reply I would say: 1. Its indefiniteness can not be helped, if it is the only, or even the best answer. We must content ourselves on earth with a very imperfect and indefinite knowledge of a great many things, *e. g.*, of Nature. 2. Why is it necessary for us to know so much? If we know and feel that there is above us a Being of infinite power and goodness. A Being whom we may call our Father, and from whom we may obtain that peace which the world neither gives nor can take away, of what further avail would it be to be able to understand all that the mediæval schoolmen deemed necessary as to His essence and personality? Surely these two principles—love to God, and love to man—are sufficient to employ us through life. Have we ever heard anyone complain that these were so easy that he wanted something more in order to give scope to all his powers? 3. These principles afford room for development. If in our youth we understood all things, there would be no scope for growth. If it were possible for us to understand all truth, there would be no progress. But it may be said: It is not at all a question of progress; it is a question of absolute truth as far as we go. If we were only certain that what we do believe is true! Well, I would reply: Does anyone really believe that our conceptions of God and duty will be materially changed as the world moves on? Does anyone really believe that God will ever cease to be the embodiment to us of the highest qualities, or that truth and purity and justice will ever cease to be the requisites of morality? The difficulty with Christianity is that it *will be* so definite. Its whole history is one of attempted definiteness, of undue exactness. From the Apostolic age to the present, the church has striven to crystallize its tenets, to tabulate them, as it were; and we all know the results: the struggle of the Arians and the non-Arians, the schism of the

Eastern church, the rise of the overshadowing power of Rome! And what has been the charter of this latter church? It has been, and is, that it alone possesses the truth, against which the gates of Hell shall not prevail. The Reformation, also, although it effected much good, left the evil principle untouched; this tendency to define and re-define. A harmless tendency, it may be said, also in human hands not a harmless tendency; for it has carried with it always an anathema against those who will not bow down and worship the golden image which it has set up. The Alpine fastness, the Scottish moor, the Flemish market-place, the New England hillside—all are mute memorials of that evil tendency towards creed-making, towards absolute exactness in the knowledge of God and His truth; a thing undesirable if possible—for what were the world to-day if creeds had never changed?—and impossible if desirable—for human speech is at best an imperfect medium, and human minds are changeable and varied as are the flowers of the early spring-time. Instances of this mania for definition would be laughable were they not saddening. For example, the Greek church separated on the question of the "procession," as it is called, of the Holy Ghost, *i. e.*, whether the Holy Ghost proceeded from the Father alone or from the Father and the Son. The Anglican church has had many an ecclesiastical trial upon the question whether water shall or shall not be mixed with the wine at the communion; and many a Protestant body has been torn to its center upon the question of dress and amusements.

Unitarians are justified, then, I think, in refusing to recognize the authority of any other doctrines than the existence of a good God, to whom they owe allegiance, and the leading of a good life. Less than this would leave nothing of Christianity [and I am speaking of Christianity alone;] more than this would produce discord.

Is there, then, it will be asked, no such thing as absolute truth? Undoubtedly there is; truth does exist in the abstract. But truth to us on earth is very largely relative. If we could comprehend all of absolute truth, God would cease to be a god to us; we should ourselves be gods. And this is, I think, one of the greatest joys in the contemplation of Heaven; we shall there have life's questions solved, life's doubts removed; we shall there see face to face.

Christianity, then, has been a continuous change, a gradual unfolding. And undoubtedly it will still change, but not to so great an extent. I am speaking of Liberal Christianity. It will still change, but not so much as has been the case in the past. And this, because it has become so simple; and the more simple Christianity is, the less it can change.

But, in conclusion it may be said: Suppose we are mistaken; suppose our whole system is wrong, and what we believe to be the truth, is, after all, only a myth! What then? What then? I would answer in three ways: 1st. The mass of evidence is, to my mind, overwhelmingly on the side of Liberal Christianity; and in all matters, religious or secular, we must act on the preponderance of evidence. 2nd. We are happier, at any rate, even in this life, if we follow the two great principles of Liberal Christianity; and 3rd. God will never punish us for conscientious belief even although it be incorrect. This opinion, that we must hold absolute truth in order to be saved, I do not believe in. All men can not see alike; all men can not believe alike. It is necessary only to hold fast and faithfully follow what, after honest inquiry, we believe to be the truth of God as revealed in Christ. For as that beautiful hymn of Whit-tier's says:

"We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find Thy ways,
We miss with charts of creeds.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be;
Not name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee."

The Study Guide.

The New Religion. A Gospel of love. By E. W. Gray. Chicago, Ill.: The Thorne Publishing Co. With a brief introduction by Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas.

This book is in three parts. I. Anthropology,—a discussion of the nature and limitation of man. II. The Old Religions,—the religions of Persia, China, Egypt, Greece,—which are found to be inadequate to satisfy the deepest needs of the human soul. III. The New Religion,—the gospel of love by Jesus Christ, which it is the object of the book to unfold and explain. The author, while rejecting the orthodox doctrines of the Trinity, vicarious atonement, total depravity and Biblical infallibility, as commonly held, yet holds fast to the supernatural character of Jesus, receives him as a being *sui generis*, begotten of the Holy Ghost, neither wholly God nor wholly man, but partly both. He accepts the miracles, not as contraventions of natural law, but as done within a sphere of law which is beyond our ken. He assumes the historic correctness of the gospel narratives, and receives the word of Jesus on any and every subject as a divine revelation. He dwells on the life and character of Jesus with fervent love and admiration. The book is in line with historic Unitarianism as it was promulgated in this country eighty years ago, and doubtless represents the convictions of a large and growing element in the orthodox church to-day. To this class of minds it will be welcomed as contributing to the growth of liberal thought in religion, but to those who have been over the same ground and in the light of growing thought and research have found it untenable, it will seem a somewhat belated book, one that represents convictions that must in the nature of the case be but transitional. It is however from beginning to end a thoroughly sincere book, written with an earnest desire to promote the truth and bridge the chasm between orthodox and liberal thought.

Two Modern Women. A novel by Kate Gannett Wells. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. \$1.25.

Mrs. Wells's latest book is a distinct advance from her "Miss Curtis" of two years ago. But it is another typical woman book; the men in it are rather shadowy, while the women are thoroughly life-like. There are three "modern women" instead of two, indeed we hardly know which are the two most prominent in the author's own view. Mrs. Stanton is a refined, self-poised woman whose thoughts all center in her son. She has long schooled herself into showing an unruffled serenity when with him, thinking thus to keep more closely in his companionship. To her surprise, her son, as he comes to manhood, becomes an enthusiast on the great subject of the hour, social injustice and the way to cure it, and his mother's assumed serenity defeats its own purpose by keeping her out of sympathy with the son.

Freia Krumm is the daughter of a labor agitator, who neglects his family and behaves in the generally disreputable way attributed by the daily press to labor agitators as a class. She herself, at the opening of the story, is a speaker much in demand at socialistic meetings. Her father dies, and she

is taken up and befriended by Mrs. Stanton and the third personage of the story, Ruth Aften. The latter is doubtless the most interesting character to most of our readers, a woman preacher of the new type—indeed we suspect that the author took many traits of the character from a real person whose name would be familiar to at least half our readers. Having said so much we hardly dare go on and analyze the character. Freia comes under Ruth Aften's influence and develops into a strong and lovable woman. Frank, Mrs. Stanton's son, is not slow in finding this out, and the climax of the story comes when the aristocratic mother asks the girl (in a delicately indirect way) to accept her son's hand in marriage.

"Two Modern Women" will well repay reading. It pulsates strongly with the life of the present day, of this transition stage in which we live, when old faiths and forms are crumbling and new ones unfolding.

The Newest Books.

All books sent to UNITY for review will be promptly acknowledged under this heading, and all that seem to be of special interest to the readers of UNITY will receive further notice. Any book in print will be mailed on receipt of price, by the publishers of UNITY. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 175 Dearborn st., Chicago.

Civil Government in the United States. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 360. Price, \$1.00.

Rab and His Friends. By Dr. John Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 299. Price, \$1.00.

Alfred the Great. By Thomas Hughes. M. P. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Cloth, 16mo, pp. 324. Price, \$1.00.

The Industrial Revolution of the 18th Century in England. By Arnold Toynbee. New York: The Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 263. Two double numbers. Price, 60 cts.

The Origin of the Aryans. By Dr. Isaac Taylor. New York: The Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 198. Two double numbers. Price, 60 cts.

The Evolution of Sex. By Patrick Geddes and J. Arthur Thomson. New York: The Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper, 8vo, pp. 295. Two double numbers. Price, 60c.

The Law of Private Right. By George H. Smith. New York: The Humboldt Pub. Co. Paper, 8vo, double number, pp. 92. Price, 30 cts.

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Notes from the Field.

Boston.—Rev. W. H. Baldwin's "Country Week" gave during the past summer 3,253 children and mothers a vacation rest—an increase of 150 over last year's list.

—Rev. A. D. Mayo will leave Boston about December 1, on his eleventh annual trip to the southern states in the interest of southern schools.

—The month of October will in New England be filled with county conferences and other Unitarian gatherings for planning work for the winter. Our prominent ministers will be busy helping local pastors inspire the smaller societies.

—At Harvard University from October till next April the college professors will make up a new course of lectures on "Bible Study," open only to students. The essays will include studies on eastern sacred literature, the Hebrew old scriptures and the New Testament.

—The *Christian Register* gives a full and exceedingly promising list of speakers and essays for the "Mass meeting" to be held in Chicago, October 28-30, in the interest of western missionary work. That great projected conference to consider an "Advisory Missionary Board" can not fail to strengthen the faith of the A. U. A., and of the east generally in the resident developing power of liberal Christianity in all the great West. The present faith of the A. U. A. was proved by liberal appropriations at its last session, viz., \$14,200 to twenty-six churches and agencies.

—Rev. Narcisse Cyr hopes to conclude his French missionary appeal by November 1, and to leave for Paris assured of a "Christian Union" to be started on a moderate scale in that city.

Iowa Unitarian Conference.—The Iowa conference opens at Iowa city on Tuesday, Oct. 14, with a meeting of the Executive Committee at 3 p. m. In the evening, Prof. Anderson, of Iowa city, will give the address of welcome and Hon. B. F. Gue will respond for the Conference. The Conference Sermon will be preached by Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Des Moines. Wednesday forenoon will be devoted largely to business. In the afternoon Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Humboldt will address the Conference on "The Human Ministry," and Rev. N. M. Mann, of Omaha, will speak on "Forgiveness." Other sermons and addresses are announced by Rev. Mary A. Safford, of Sioux City, Rev. F. H. York, Moline, Revs. J. R. Effinger, T. B. Forbush and J. L. Jones, Chicago.

The members of The Unitarian church of Iowa City cordially offer the hospitality of their homes to all delegates to the Conference. Those intending to accept the hospitality of the church are requested to inform the pastor, Rev. Robert C. Morse, as soon as possible, and to report on arrival at the church opposite the grounds of the University.

The Michigan Conference.—The programme of the 15th annual session of the Michigan Conference is before us. The Dedication services of the new church edifice will occur on Tuesday evening, October 7. Rev. David Utter of Chicago, will preach the sermon, and brief addresses will follow by Rev. John R. Effinger, Rev. J. Vila Blake, Rev. T. B. Forbush, of Chicago, and Mrs. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor. On the following days of the Conference session papers will be given by Rev. A. G. Jennings of Toledo, Rev. G. B. Stebbins of Detroit, Rev. A. W. Gould of Manistee, Rev. Mila F. Tupper of Laporte, and Rev. Marion Murdock, of Kalamazoo. Discussions are announced on "The Sunday-school" and "The Unity Club" in which Revs. Effinger, Fluhrer, Blake, Mrs. Sunderland and others will take part. The Unitarian Church of Grand Haven extends invitations to all persons interested to attend the meetings and share the hospitality of their homes. Guests on arrival will please report at the church, Washington street, corner 4th.

Women's Auxiliary Conference.—At the recent session of the Pacific Coast Unitarian Conference, a Woman's Auxiliary Conference was organized with the following officers: President, Mrs. William Norris, of San Francisco; First Vice-President, Mrs. E. B. Easton; Second Vice-President, Mrs. T. L. Eliot, of Oregon; Third Vice-President, Mrs. Samuel Collyer, of Washington; Recording Secretary, Mrs. N. A. Haskell, of San Jose; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George Murdock, of Alameda; Treasurer, Mrs. A. G. Freeman, of Oakland.

Directors: California—Mrs. Dickenson, of National City, Mrs. White, of Fresno. Oregon—Miss Davidson, of Portland, Mrs. England, of Salem. Washington—Miss M. Devoe, of Seattle and Mrs. W. J. Thompson, of Tacoma. The Channing Auxiliary Society immediately voted \$150 to the new Conference. Working societies all the way from Seattle to San Diego were represented. This movement betokens new life and activity among our sisters on the Pacific coast.

San Francisco, Cal.—The seventh annual session of the Pacific Unitarian Conference began at the First Unitarian Church, San Francisco, Sept. 15. The Conference sermon was preached by Rev. T. L. Eliot, D.D., of Portland, Ore., who spoke of "The Glory and the Perils of the Liberal Faith." After

an address of welcome by Rev. Dr. Stebbins and an address by President C. A. Murdock, the conference proceeded to business. We are promised a report of the proceedings by Rev. Thomas Van Ness, who reached Chicago on Monday, 29th inst., on his way to Boston. We hope to print this report next week.

A Word to Field-workers.—We solicit items of news, relating to the life of the fifty or more parishes in correspondence with the Headquarters. What the minister is preaching and planning in one church is of interest all around. This page of UNITY should become a medium of exchange for practical suggestions and a promoter of fellow-feeling among the western Unitarian parishes. Will you help to this result by keeping us advised of what goes on in your own parish?

Beatrice, Neb.—The first sermon after vacation delivered by the pastor, Rev. Mary L. Leggett, in Unity Church, Beatrice, comes to us in neat pamphlet form. Miss Leggett has begun a course of Sunday evening Emerson "Talks" which attract overflowing audiences. She is planning for good results from the Literary Club of her church in the coming six months.

Geneva, Ill.—The secretary of the W. U. C. spent Sunday September 21, at Geneva. The time of the annual meeting of this parish is approaching, and we hear talk of preparations for a semi-centennial celebration of the organization of the society. Geneva stands among the pioneer churches of our faith in the State of Illinois.

North Platte, Neb.—Rev. D. N. Hartley, who comes from the Congregational into the Unitarian ministry, has gone to North Platte, Neb., to spend two months. Word comes to us since Mr. Hartley's arrival in North Platte expressing the hope that he can be kept throughout the year.

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.—The pulpit of All Souls Church of this city has been filled for three Sundays by Rev. Chas. J. Sage, recently of the Congregational Church of Minnesota. Mr. Sage filled the Unitarian pulpit in Des Moines on the 28th.

Warren, Ill.—The secretary of the Western Conference preached twice in Warren on the 28th inst. Arrangements have been made at this point to hold fortnightly services in charge of Revs. Leslie W. and Lila Frost Sprague, of Monroe, Wis.

Minneapolis, Minn.—We learn that Rev. Henry M. Simmons of the First Unitarian Church of Minneapolis has been warmly welcomed home from Europe by an overflowing congregation.

Illinois Conference.—The Illinois Conference of Unitarian churches will meet in Alton, October 21-23.



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- Thurs.*—In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.
- Fri.*—The real man is one who always finds excuses for others, but never excuses himself.
- Sat.*—Refinement that carries us away from our fellow-men is not God's refinement.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Draxy's Hymn.

I can not think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know he is so good, so kind,
I can not think but he will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear,
"Dear Lord," I pray, "O, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!"
He only smiles. He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear
Which lies so far and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet
The thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long,
I almost fear I have been wrong;
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

—Saxe Holm.

"Josh."

A TRUE STORY.

Josh is only a little dog, but he has many names. By some he is called Jacob, by others Terra Cotta and sometimes Dick; although the name to which he answers the most promptly is Josh.

He came hobbling up the high stone steps of a city hospital one bitter cold day in February, 1889. He had only three feet to go upon, for one leg had been broken—how, no one knew, but the little fellow mutely appealed for help. One of the young doctors set the broken bone and nursed the odd patient back to health, after which he insisted upon staying with his benefactors out of gratitude—the only way he had of paying his bill. His owner could not be found; but, judging from his adornments, his general behavior and amusing tricks, he had been some one's pet. At the time he applied for medical aid, he wore a handsome collar, with two tiny bells and a bow of garnet ribbon.

When he was no longer a cripple, he attended all the lectures with the nurses of the training-school connected with the institution, and seemed especially fond of the physicians; but he held aloof from all except one or two of the patients, evidently considering himself just a trifle above associating with those who were not professional people.

One of the patients, however, who had been there many weeks, took a fancy to him, and after a while was condescendingly recognized by "Joshua." On account of his recent history and hospital association, she decided that she would like to own Josh, and when she went home have him sent with her baggage. The oldest physician of the place and the matron reluctantly consented to part with "Jacob"; others declared that they could n't let little "Dick" go. But one bright morning near the last of June he was taken away, accompanied by a great Saratoga trunk.

They reached their destination in safety. Josh was homesick and grieved, refusing all food that was offered him

for a day or two. At last he was coaxed to taste a bit of cake, and then some dainty dessert. After that he took more substantial food, and regained his usual good nature. He now seems perfectly contented in his country home, and no one could persuade him away.

As this is being written, Josh sits in the sunny sitting-room window. He is winking and blinking, and apparently wondering what all that scratch, scratch of the pen upon paper means. His two stiff ears are standing up straight as usual. His "fellow-patient" is not a great way off, and occasionally asks him a question about hospital days and the kind friends there. Josh only looks pleased and wags his tail by way of reply. If he could talk, he might express his gratitude toward the hospital to which he went nearly a year ago, wounded, and his satisfaction with the new home to which he came six months ago, well.

—Presbyterian Banner.

In Obinji's town, in Equatorial Africa, salt is very scarce and bears a high value. It is all brought from the seashore, the Cape Lopez people making considerable quantities yearly, which is then carried to interior towns. Among the Apingi Africans it is so scarce that ten pounds of poor salt will buy a boy slave. It is a great luxury, and there is little doubt they suffer for the lack of it.—*Travels in Equatorial Africa.*

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This collection includes the address given before the Woman Suffrage League in Boston during the controversy over Swinton's History, the address before the Massachusetts Schoolmasters' Club at the close of the Boston conflict, and the address before the National Educational Association at Nashville, last summer, in the debate with Bishop Keane. These addresses have already been published as separate pamphlets, and of the Nashville address nearly fifty thousand copies have been circulated. Their publication together at this time, when the struggle over the Bennett law in Wisconsin and the similar controversy in Illinois have drawn the attention of the country anew to the whole subject, is felt to be opportune. There is almost no phase of the subject which Mr. Mead does not touch in these addresses. What is chiefly worthy of remark is that, although he is the warmest defender of the public school system and the most outspoken critic of the parochial schools, he has treated the Roman Catholics with a careful justice which has won their confidence as has been done, perhaps, by no other of their critics. The *Catholic Review*, the ablest of the Catholic newspapers, wrote last summer: "What we desire to call attention to in these pamphlets is the remarkable fairness with which Mr. Mead treats Catholics and their views. The first fourteen pages of the first essay might have been written by a Catholic. It looks as if, for the first time in American history, the Catholics were about to meet in the arena a foe who knows their strong and weak points as well as his own."

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IV. HOW THE FLOOD CAME.

(First Sunday.)

What is the Genesis story? (Gen. vi. to ix.) Where is Ararat? How big was the ark? Can you make a picture of it? Give other Noah stories: The Chaldean Xisuthros, Deucalion and Pyrrha; see Plato's "Timæus" and "Critias."

Take up the lesson in the following order: First, the story as the ancient Hebrews understood it; second, some of the difficulties and contradictions which prevent our believing it; third, similar stories in the literatures of other people; fourth, how so many stories of this sort could have arisen, i. e., the truth underlying them; fifth, any special lessons which the Bible story teaches.

A good paraphrase, like that in Mr. Dole's pamphlet, "Early Hebrew Stories" (Unitarian Sunday-School Society, Boston), will be helpful in getting a concise and connected picture of the Deluge.

The Ark was not so large as the Great Eastern. Could it have held a pair of every sort of beasts and fowls and creeping things? How long a time did Noah have to collect all these animals and the food that they would need? Do you notice any contradiction as to the number of "clean beasts"? Compare vi: 20 and vii: 2. What does the story tell us the rainbow was created for? What does make a rainbow? Could there have ever been a time when if shower and sunshine came together there would still be no "bow in the cloud"? And can you think of God as the ancient Hebrews did? He did not expect that the people whom he had created would turn out so badly. (vi: 5 to 8.) And his terrible punishment did not do any good after all. (viii: 21.) Do you suppose that he could have been so much pleased by "the sweet savor" which he smelled? What did Hosea say? (vi: 6.) Which was nearer right? Again, note the purpose for which the rainbow was given. Some of us were told in our childhood that it was to assure mankind that there never would be another flood. Is that so? Read it for yourself. (ix: 13 to 16.) And be sure that you read it with your eyes instead of your memories. The bow was given to remind somebody of the covenant. Whom? In this story we find God spoken of as though he thought and acted like a man; that is, he is an "anthropomorphic" God. What does the early Hebrews' conception of God indicate as to their ideal of a man? Was it higher or lower than ours? Point out any other imperfections that you observe in the story.

Now for the other Deluge stories. We find them not only among the Greeks and Chaldeans, but also among the Hindoos, Scandinavians and Chinese. The ancient Mexicans too had their Noah, under another name. He was saved, with six others, in an ark, which landed on a mountain, and a bird was sent out to ascertain when the waters had subsided.

How did men come to believe a story that seems so incredible to us? Perhaps it grew out of some actual flood, and as the people told it they kept adding to it until it got to be a great deluge that covered the whole earth and rose fifteen cubits (how many feet would that be?) above the highest mountain tops. If the story originated in that way, was it a legend or a myth? Recall what was said about this in our first lesson. What other explanation mentioned there? There are some striking coincidences. The flood lasted just about a year. Compare vii: 11 and viii: 13, 14. The ancients thought that the flood came because men were so wicked. Are floods caused in that way? Is a wicked man's mill-dam any more likely to be washed away by a spring freshet than a good man's? Or does it all depend upon how

well the dam was made? And yet there is a great truth in the old notion. The wicked man always suffers in consequence of his wickedness. But what he loses is not his crop and flocks. It is his character, his soul. And that is a great deal worse. And in the long run, even as regards outward prosperity, uprightness helps. The man whose heart is sound is more likely to be sound in mind and body too. There is a good deal of truth in the old Deluge story after all.

Can you find any verses in our Genesis lesson which show that according to the Hebrews, the flood was designed partly to punish the lower animals because they preyed so cruelly upon one another? "The struggle for existence," Darwin called it. These old myth-makers seem to have felt that this was not as it should be. And some centuries afterward, Isaiah hoped for a better day. (xi: 6 to 9.) Do you suppose that it will ever come? At any rate, let us do our part. We can be kinder to our horses and cats and dogs. Perhaps that does help make them kinder to one another.

For the Younger Pupils.—Tell the story of the flood as simply as possible. Make them see how the Hebrews thought the windows of heaven were opened, when it rained (viii: 11), so that the waters above the firmament could pour through (i: 6, 7). Various notions about the rainbow. Some people thought it a bridge by which the gods came down from heaven to earth or the souls of men went to heaven.

For Older Classes and Teachers' Meetings.—The mixture of Elohistic and Yahwistic documents in the account of the Deluge. Anthropomorphism. Is it wholly bad? See Spencer on "The Use of Anthropomorphism," in "Illustrations of Universal Progress."

For Preparation.—See "Bible for Learners," also "Deluge" in *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Questions and Suggestions.—(Contributions solicited. Address H. D. Maxson, Menomone, Wis.)

Lloyd Skinner proposes these definitions: "A legend is a narrative which is not trustworthy, but which is nevertheless given as history." "A myth is an explanation by the uncivilized mind of some natural phenomenon."

Books of Reference.

At the Institute meetings in Wisconsin, a minimum list of reference books for the first series of lessons in the six years' study, was called for, to include the few most helpful ones, and we print below, the books named, for the benefit of others who may wish to ask the same question.

- "A Half-Century of Science," Huxley and Grant Allen . . . \$.15
"The Birth and Growth of Myth," Clodd15
"The Childhood of Religions," Clodd . . .15
"The Childhood of the World," Clodd . . .15
"The Story of Creation," Clodd15
"Modern Science and Modern Thought," (Double number) S. Laing30
"Modern Science and Modern Thought," (Part II.) S. Laing15
[The above are all in the Humboldt Library.]
"The Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution," Bergen1.25
"The Method of Creation," Crosskey . . .60
"Stories from Genesis," Bartram50

An additional list was also given, of other especially desirable ones.

- "Primitive Culture," Tylor. two vol. . .5.60
"Origin of Civilization," Lubbock . . .4.00
"Our Heredity from God," Powell . . .1.75
"The Antiquity of Man," (Hard to get) Lyell

"Excursions of an Evolutionist," Fiske 2.00 and any other by the latter author, or any of Herbert Spencer's works. These are nearly all named, with others, in the list of reference books on page 13, "Unity Lessons No. xx." Those in the Humboldt Library and many of the others can be had of C. H. Kerr, at UNITY Office.

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